

REJOYNDER  
TO THE  
WHIGGISH POEM  
UPON THE  
TORY-PRENTICES-FEAST  
AT  
MERCHANT-TAYLORS-HALL.

WELL ! Tory Poets answers come at last,  
The Tory Sots never write Verse in haste ;  
Or else the Cur got drunk like sneering Sow,  
Lay under Board, and never wa'kt 'till now ;  
But if the noise the yelping Beagles keep  
Did waken him, his Verse I'm sure's asleep.  
I le swear, I thought (when first I looked on  
His Poem) he had sent me back misse own :  
"T began alike ; alike almost throughout,  
"Twas only mine was turn'd the inside out :  
"Tis a damn'd trick the Tory Tools have got,  
To kill an Enemy with his own Shot :  
Had he not imped me, he'd been to seek behind  
For an Exordium another week ;  
For of the Tory Poets I must say  
It's a witty Rogue can write a Verse a day.  
But Gaffer-Goose-Cap, who told you such stories,  
*His Majesty* sent Bucks to feast the Tories  
You might as well have said the King was dreft  
In Royal Robes, and came to be your guest.  
But you may speak amiss, amiss may do,  
It had been Treason if I had said so ;  
Tories may murder Fame, may Honour kill,  
May flander Kings, and yet be Loyal still,  
Their Loyalty consists in doing ill,

You

You may 'tis like by these your Verses lewd,  
Make the mistaken *Tory* multitude  
Believe I *Treason* spake, and that I swore,  
And I may safely say, you'll Drink and Whore,  
But this for truth they all do know before.  
That *Noblemen* were *Priests*, I ne're said so;  
But Doctor *Crape-Gown's* may, for ought I know,  
Twas *Scandalum magnar.* if I do in jest  
But speak one word against *Stewards* of the *Feast*;  
Though *Lords* be high, yet *Prentices* are low,  
And lowrie *Taylors* still were counted so:  
You may say what you please, but without doubt  
I may speak *Treason* against the *Ragged-Rout*;  
And Silly *Fops*, cause they've all *Whiggs* abhor'd  
Shall have as good a title as a *Lord*;  
And prosecute for scandal whom they please:  
Such Lordly things are lordly *Prentices*.  
No, silly *Citts*! for ever doom'd to *Shops*,  
Keep still your ancient titles, *Fools* and *Fops*.  
This Sham won't take; I'm Loyal still and true,  
Although I'm scandaliz'd by traiterous you;  
Disloyal *Tories*! you the *Traytors* are,  
Whilst Loyal *Baxter*, *Curtis*, Loyal *Care*,  
Bravely maintain abeir Sovereign's right in truth,  
Without e're feasting of the snotty Youth,  
True *Whigs* ne're stoopt to such mean tricks as these,  
To feast the hungry sniveling *Prentices*.  
Illustrious *Charles*! by all that's great and high!  
(Tho I am branded with Disloyalty)  
No fawning *Courtier* e're shall so much-glose  
As I'le detest-thine and thy Nations Foes;  
No *Charles the third*, nor budding *Embryo-King*  
Shall be the Subject for my *Muse* to sing  
Whilst thou dost live; let *Traiterous Tories* sooth,  
And raise Sedition in the Factious Youth;  
Long may'st thou live and flourish on thy Throne,  
While all these little Kings shall basely tumble down.

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